UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Meditations - - - - - *Agnes Ryan*

What Did Jesus Say about War? - -
- - - - - - *Karl M. Chworowsky*

A Year of Decision - - *Grosvenor Dawe*

Germany from the Inside - - - -

THE STUDY TABLE

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

John Murray

In 1941, the Universalist denomination will celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Murray at Alton, England, December 10, 1741.

John Murray was a successful preacher and a picturesque, interesting character, who is regarded as one of the principal founders of the Universalist Church in North America.

Until he was twenty-eight years of age, he was an Englishman, and the story of his life not only gives us a picture of eighteenth century England, but it is a dramatic commentary upon the factors which go into the making or the unmaking of a religious man. He was a part of the religious awakening in which appeared the gigantic figures of Whitefield and Wesley, and he labored with both of these men.

With his voyage to America and his landing on the shores of New Jersey, is associated one of the priceless stories of religious history.

Like Abraham he went to a far country, and like Abraham he became, if not the father of a nation, the father of a fellowship.

He took part in the American Revolution and was known personally to Washington, to Greene and other famous leaders in that struggle.

He became the spearpoint of resistance to intolerance, bigotry and religious persecution.

He was a party in lawsuits which settled basic principles of religious freedom.

He was an evangelist traveling up and down the Atlantic seaboard and was known in all the principal towns from Portsmouth to Philadelphia.

He became the first settled pastor of the first avowedly Universalist congregation in the colonies.

He helped organize the first Universalist convention.

Like Paul the tentmaker, he gave his services for the greater part of his life without money and without price, trusting to the bounty of the day to meet the needs of the day.

As a theologian he was a Calvinist with everlasting hell left out.

As a religious leader, he exhibited irresistible faith.

This John Murray has been almost lost in the mists of time. The Universalist General Convention proposes to bring him back into the circle. In this year 1941 we plan to travel with him, agonize with him, laugh with him, kneel with him. Perhaps the blessing that we need and seek will be found in this pilgrimage.

—*The Christian Leader.*

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXXVI MONDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1941 No. 11

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

The resources, advantages, and powers of the American people are very great, and they have consequently succeeded to equally great responsibilities. It seems to have devolved upon them to test whether a government established on the principles of human freedom can be maintained against an effort to build one upon the exclusive foundation of human bondage.

—Abraham Lincoln.

WE WONDER

Yes, we wonder! (1) How there can be people who want this country to get into the European war (*Matthew* 26:52). (2) How there can be people who are unwilling to feed the starving millions in the stricken areas of Europe (*Matthew* 25:35, and *Romans* 12:20). (3) How there can be people who want Britain to retaliate upon Germany by bombing building for building, city for city (*Matthew* 5:38-41). Especially do we wonder what kind of Christian teaching has been done in our churches and homes in generations gone by, that war, revenge and retaliation should be preferred by so-called Christians to peace, mercy, and forgiveness. All questions of this war, or any other war, or war itself one side for the moment, there remains the fact that Christianity as a religion inculcates certain ways and means of dealing with evil. Christianity has a definite ethical code which does not recognize violence, wrath, hatred, vengeance, and bloodshed. Now, there is no compulsion upon us to accept this code and profess this religion. We are entirely free, if we prefer, to return to paganism, as the Nazis have openly and unashamedly done. There is a certain virtue, if we may so express it, in the way the Nazis have agreed to become barbarians, with no Christian nonsense about it at all! But Christianity, with its moral principles and spiritual ideals, is what we have chosen to save us from barbarism. It is the method which we believe essential to civilization. It is one of the high purposes—the saving of Christianity as the basis of civilization—for which we are told that the Allies are fighting and we in America should give all "short of war." Yet in our practice of violence and our thirst for revenge, we are throwing away now at the start what we declare we propose to save at the end! Yes, we wonder! But we wonder still more, and differently, that, in this hour of extremity, when if ever human nature is tempted to revert to the primitive, there are English men and women who stand unshaken by the precepts of the Christian faith. George Lansbury, when he was still alive—and now the Bishop of Birmingham, the Reverend Leyton Richards, Canon Charles Raven, the Reverend J. H. Oldham, Sir Arthur Eddington, Lord Ponsonby, Laurence Housman, Muriel Lester—these and numerous others less well known are trying now to end this war, to feed the starving across the Channel, and to prevent all bombing retaliation. While English hearts thus stand true to the best and highest, American hearts need not apologize for trying to do likewise.

PROPAGANDA AGAIN!

It is interesting, if it were not so alarming, to see how propaganda waves sweep this country at periodic intervals. No sooner do the American people calm down a bit and get reasonably sane in their relation to world events, than the signal is given to beat the tom-toms again, and straightway we are engulfed in sound. Thus, some four weeks ago, the fiercest propaganda attack that the nation has seen since the war began was precipitately released upon us in the interest of war for Britain. It began with the sudden announcement, right out of a clear sky, that England could not hold out under the German attacks. She would crack up in ninety days—unless we came to her instant relief! This technique of cracking up in a specified period of time was a repetition of the technique used last summer when the drive for conscription was under way. It was then that Secretary Stimson talked about England cracking up in thirty days—an interval which Secretary Knox more moderately placed at sixty days. Along with this talk about ninety days came the revival of the invasion bugaboo. After being carefully taught last summer that invasion of England was imminent, since Hitler required for this hazardous adventure calm seas, clear skies, and an unbroken spell of good weather, we were now informed in December that Hitler might strike at any time since mists, gales, and long nights presented just the conditions he wanted for success. So we were told feverish tales about the massing of German troops in the Channel ports, the

mustering of flat-bottomed boats, *et cetera*. The blow must fall before spring! Then came the talk about the sinking of British shipping. At this rate, Britain could not hold out six months! Why this made any difference when she was going to crack up anyway in three months, we were never able to see. The great victories in Albania and Libya were of course hard to handle at just this time, for they were immensely reassuring. But the propagandists were not baffled. They simply joined in chorus that such victories were of no importance. It was only what happened in England that counted! Thus was the welkin made to ring—that the people might get scared again and thus become properly war-minded. Anything to beat down this popular insistence that we stay out of the war! But the people did not seem to take alarm this time as easily as they did before. This was the fiercest propaganda campaign of the war—and the least effective. We wonder if it is a case again of "Cry wolf"!

THE "LEND-LEASE" BILL

Opposition to the President's bill for dictatorial authority is rolling up fast. It reminds us of the way opposition mounted and at last smote overwhelmingly the President's bill for the packing of the Supreme Court. In this case, of course, there is the war fever to aid the President. It is the easiest thing in the world to accelerate this fever, and thus sweep away all opposition to the administration! But in this case also there is the fact that the proposed grant of power to the President is by no means tied up with full aid to Britain in her war efforts against Germany. Many of those who are most in favor of "all out" for Britain are at the same time opposed to this "lend-lease" bill in its present form. Ex-Ambassador Kennedy, for example! The question that still remains unanswered is—what aid to Britain is dependent upon the passage of this bill? What aid, that is to say, that is really "short of war"? Opponents of the measure have specified this aid, that aid, the other aid—will any one of these be denied if the bill is not passed? No—not one! Then why do we need the bill—why does the President need the bill—if not to do things on his own unbridled authority to get us into actual war? That, under the terms of the proposed bill, he *could* take us into war, or force the issue of war upon the Axis powers, should be apparent. Which means that the bill calls for a surrender upon the part of the Congress and of the people of the final say-so in the matter of war, and the vesting of this power in a single man—a thing which should be intolerable in a democracy! It is argued by proponents of the measure that Premier Churchill enjoys just such powers today. To this there is a two-fold answer. First, Great Britain is actively and openly at war, as we are not. Secondly, Mr. Churchill exercises his enormous power under the immediate control of Parliament. The moment the Premier transgressed, he could be thrown out of office. No such control as this exists in this country. Pass this bill, and the President is absolute for a period of four years! We submit, with the President's own friend and party member, Mr. Kennedy, that there is no exigency even in the present crisis which calls for any such legislation as this. Let us preserve intact our democracy at home as the first condition of anything we may do against totalitarianism abroad.

FOOD, FOOD!

Miss Anne Morgan, just returned from months of tireless relief work in France, wants to know when we are going to send food to Europe. Starvation has begun. Miss Morgan was almost hysterical in her talks with the newspaper men, for she had seen with her own eyes the miseries of hungry mothers and famished children. Talk about the Nazis did not disturb her. She thought distribution of food could be controlled, and cited her own ambulance work as evidence that it is possible to offer relief in the occupied areas without interference by the Nazis. She has had no trouble. The Quakers report the same. What's the onus of the opposition to the proposal to ship food to the starving millions of Poland, Norway, Holland, and Belgium—to the Hoover Plan, to be specific? Is it that the opponents suspect that Mr. Hoover and his associates are plotting to help the Nazis? Is it that they do not believe the Quakers when they testify that they have fed the victims of the Reich without any diversion of food to Nazi mouths, and can continue to do so? Is it that they do not trust the reports of Miss Morgan, newspaper reporters, and other staunchly pro-Ally observers, that the situation in the invaded countries is critical, with famine and pestilence standing at the thresholds? Or is it that they are grimly setting their minds to the decision to sacrifice millions of innocents as a part of the war toll of defeating Hitler? If so, where is the difference between the Allies and the Nazis in their methods of fighting their enemies? How can we make distinction between the English killing children by a food-blockade and the Germans killing children by a torpedo attack upon a transport? As for ourselves, which one of us for any end, or on any principle, would sit by and watch our own children starve? We would get food for these darlings of our hearts, no matter who pleaded against it. And if *our* children, why not the Dutch children and the Norwegian children? Come, let's use a little imagination! No one of us all would deny a scrap of food even to a dog in the gutter. The cries are coming to us from women, children, the aged, the sick. Shall we remain deaf until at last they fade—and disappear?

THE TESTS OF FREE SPEECH

The surest test of democracy and the liberal spirit is free speech in print, on platform, and in the pulpit. As long as such speech is permitted, as in England today even under war conditions, we may know that democracy is not dead. When free speech is denied, by government, or by public or private censorship, then we may know that tyranny and bigotry are in the saddle. But if free speech is the test of democracy and liberty, what is the test of free speech? One certainly is the right of the lowest in the land to say his say. The right of one single and uninfluential individual to stand up on the street corner, or to publish his little paper or circular, and set forth his unfettered opinions! If this individual is repressed, or even interfered with, then the freedom which we would all exercise is in danger. Another test of free speech is the duty of the highest in the land to subject himself to the frank and open criticism of the humblest among us. There must be nothing sacrosanct, for example, about the President. Fundamentally he is not a ruler, or a sovereign, but an administrator set apart for a little time to transact the business of us all. He is a "first citizen" in the sense of being a first among equals. His policies, his words, his acts, must all be subject to unrestricted praise or blame. The moment criticism of the President, or of any high public official, is denied or discouraged, at that moment freedom is in peril. A third test of free speech is the privilege of a minority group to organize and carry on propaganda for its cause. This group may be small, despicable, even dangerous—nonetheless, it must be granted the same right accorded the most numerous and powerful among us to declare its opinions and further its purposes. The strength and purity of a democracy may be measured by its insistence upon protecting the equal civil rights of those most loathsome and to be feared. It is not hard to know when liberty is in peril of its life. Let one man, in any station of influence, take unto himself to say to one or many of his fellows: This is the truth because I say so, and you can't say to the contrary because I won't allow it—and the end of democracy has begun. We would be surprised here in our beloved America, where liberalism is the very breath of our life, if we knew how close at hand are the forces of repression.

BOMBS AND SERMONS

A newspaper dispatch from Philadelphia reports the following:

> The bomb squad was called out and thirty policemen were detailed to keep back a crowd of hundreds last night after a man reported he had seen a suspicious looking character drop a package at the side entrance of the Baptist Temple and drive away hurriedly.
>
> The package, addressed to Dr. Daniel A. Poling, Temple pastor and world president of Christian Endeavor, was thoroughly soaked in a bucket of oil.
>
> Lieutenant Albert Granitz, of the bomb squad, then gingerly opened it up—a batch of Dr. Poling's sermons which the printer's son had been late in delivering.

We confess we enjoy this story. It is such a perfect illustration, first of all, of the war hysteria of these times. It is so perfectly ridiculous, all this terror that runs from the White House clear down to the chance passerby in any city or village! Here was a boy smartly tending to his business—delivering a package of printed sermons at the side entrance of a church. He was a little behindhand in his work and so drove away hurriedly, which may have seemed a little unusual in Philadelphia. Even so it seems flimsy evidence on which to base the charge of "a suspicious looking character." But we are at war—or next door to it! So a hurrying delivery-boy and a parcel and a church combine into a bomb, a saboteur, and Nazi treason. And the police, keeping back hundreds of excited citizens, are completely taken in. Could anything be sillier? Yet this is the sort of thing that is going on all over this country in the wake of the war excitement of the hour. But we enjoy this story also because of its parable significance. What could be more delicious than the confusion of a sermon with a bomb? How many sermons have explosive power enough to injure a pulpit cloth, let alone blow up a building? Wouldn't it be a wholesome thing, a sign of a genuine revival of religion, if a sermon really proved so dangerous as to demand the attention of the bomb-squad and the secret service? James Russell Lowell once declared that there was dynamite enough in the New Testament to blow our civilization to atoms. Nothing truer was ever said! But the dynamite in Christianity has been used through the centuries in steadily diminishing quantities, and is now practically non-existent. If those Poling sermons had only been bombs, as the sermons of St. Ambrose, and Savonarola, and John Wesley, and Theodore Parker, were bombs! Ah, then we might really be going somewhere these days.

We Had Not Seen

We had not seen a shadow on the grass
And had no thought that anyone would pass:
There was no deeper ripple on the pool;—
Still as a small bird's wing it was, and cool
As night and dawn's first hour, yet something came,
Or some one whom we dared not call by name.
If there were feet, they made no softest sound;
We thought we heard them, swift, upon the ground.
We thought we saw, as in a quiet rain,
A light within the leaves that trembled then:
We waited there content; no quick word fell
Because of this, to break the wonder-spell
Of earth and mystery; and now it seemed
That Some One walked where we had never dreamed.

EMILY BLANCHE MANN GROBY.

Jottings

Hitler's invasion of England is a smashing triumph —in the propaganda field in America! If it were an equal success on the Channel, England would be wiped out and the war over.

If President Roosevelt had said during the campaign what he is now saying, or had foretold during the campaign what he is now doing, by how large a majority do you think Mr. Willkie would have been elected?

A friend of ours, who has kinsmen and friends in Norway, writes us of the satisfaction with which she affixes on her letters to Norway one-cent stamps with the Statue of Liberty and the inscription "For defense, for democracy," and two-cent stamps with the picture of a gun and the inscription "Army and Navy, for defense." This strikes us as quite a thought. Perhaps Uncle Sam is beating Dr. Goebbels at his own propaganda game.

Still we are reading books and hearing speeches that draw a parallel between France and the United States—that this country is soft, lazy, corrupt, as France was a few months ago, and thus an easy victim for Hitler! What kind of minds are they, we ask, that can compare Washington with Paris, Roosevelt with Reynaud, American newspapers with French newspapers, and American politics with French politics? Personally we are unwilling to malign our country as a condition of defending it.

The Duke of Windsor the other day dedicated a golf course in Bermuda. A few days later he came to Miami to attend the air races. The Duke evidently knew when it was a good thing to resign the kingship and leave London.

J. H. H.

Meditations

AGNES RYAN*

I. God, Help Me

I am but a woman. One woman and alone. I have but one life and it is ebbing. Yet before the end, there is something I need to say.

A myriad times I have wanted to speak. But always it has seemed that the time was not ripe; that people were not yet ready. Now I know the time is never ripe. The people are never ready. I have then no choice but to speak now.

I am but one. Would that I were a score, with ten thousand tongues!

Would that I might write across the sky in words of flame, this dark night of the world, what I must say!

Oh, that I might fittingly speak what I know while there is yet time! My God, help me!

I will hide myself in a deep wood that I may listen to the voices that cry out to me.

I will go to the top of a lone, high hill that I may avoid the noises that distract and confuse.

Oh, that I might find words to stir the sluggish mind, to quicken the dull soul, to wake the sleeping, to change the perverse and indifferent!

I will lay my head on the bosom of the living earth there to listen for words fit and able to pierce the hard covering of the satisfied. God, help me!

But time presses. I dare not wait.

How shall I begin? It were so easy to start with the wrong word, to make hearts close up tighter! How shall I say what I know? God, help me!

II. Why Is Civilization Cracking Up?

The beautiful world seems to be cracking up. No, that is not right! It is we who are cracking up. The world will remain unbroken and always beautiful. The stars will not tarnish or fall. The ocean will still ebb and flow. It will sigh and roar. It will whisper and sing and change its colors to magnify the Lord. The fecund, multi-tinted earth-soil will remain. Grass will be green. Trees will wave and whisper. The world will always be beautiful.

But what is happening?

"Dear God, why is our life whirling so madly, so dizzily, so helplessly, in the debauch of the ages—this world-engulfing war? On my knees I cry to you. Tell me!!! Tell me quickly, dear God, before total darkness!"

And You answer so calmly, so firmly:

"Ask yourself. You know the answer."

III. Three Pictures

So then I draw three pictures. But whether my hand traces a wheel, or a tree, or a pyramid, the meaning, the answer—at the center, at the roots, at the base—the answer is the same.

Look then at my wheel, at my tree, at my pyramid.

On the hub of my wheel are the words, Broken Basic Law.

There are two stout bands on the hub. These bear the words, Guilt and Fear.

Out from the hub run five spokes: Disease, Ignorance, Crime, Poverty, Confusion.

On the rim, the tire of the wheel, see what we find! An unbroken circle of War, the ultimate evil in the whole universe!

I do not like my wheel. I turn my back on this

*Agnes Ryan is a well-known author, and friend of UNITY. These powerful meditations are worthy successors to Olive Schreiner's "Dreams."—EDITOR.

wheel when I see its full name. It is called "The Wheel of Civilization."

Here is a great tree. That ought to be better. A tree lives and is beautiful. I will call it the "Tree of Civilization."

But what's this? On every root of the tree are written three words: Broken Basic Law.

Issuing from the heart of the tree runs a stream of sap, its life-blood. The stream is named Fear. The entire bark of the tree is made up of little particles that spell Guilt.

There are five huge branches from the tree. They are called Disease, Ignorance, Crime, Poverty, Confusion, and the fruit of that tree is its crowning fruition, War.

Bah! What have I to do with a tree like that? If I had a stout axe——! Wouldn't any good orchardist cut down that tree before it should bear more fruit? I will have nothing to do with a tree like that! I am not a fool.

When I come out of my huff, I look at my other drawing. I like the idea of a pyramid. There is something substantial and lasting about a pyramid. It starts with a solid base, a sure foundation, and it builds up to something, its high peak. There should be something to hold fast to in the "Pyramid of Civilization."

But I am aghast at what my own hand has drawn! I shrink from the dictates of my own mind! For what do I see as the foundation, the base, of this pyramid, and what is the high point, the peak, in my "Pyramid of Civilization"?

I would like to cry out to high heaven. I would like to smash something. I want to throw the whole mess of "Civilization" back, back somewhere, back to its origin!

"What is its origin?"

"God."

"The Creator?"

"Of course!"

"But I thought the Creator was a God of Love, of Wisdom, of Mercy, of Power, of Justice and Peace. This Creator is not a God I can subscribe to. I will not own him!"

I have a bad hour with myself. I have come to the Black Abyss. I have been heading in this direction for a long time. Nearly everybody I know has gone over the precipice. They say there is no other way. You have to meet force with force, and then you have War.

I don't believe this! I won't believe it! I must be sick. I need a vacation. I will go away. I will let the world take care of itself.

"Ah-Ha-Ha!" I laugh at myself. That is a good one! I must be sick indeed to think I can do anything —any least little thing—about this Fire, this Famine, this Pestilence, this Insanity sweeping over the world!

IV. The Triumph of Evil

I take passage on a boat, to a far island of primitive people. If "civilization" is a pill that makes me vomit, I will spit it out.

I am basking in the sun of a land at peace. I am sipping nectar. All about me is comfort, beauty, health, happiness.

Then a picture begins to form in my mind. My fingers begin to itch. I snatch up paper and pencil, and soon I have a picture.

God, help me! What a picture! Look at it! Behold: "The Triumph of Evil!" Examine the thing.

Here is a nice little creature named Faith. She is saying: "God is Goodness and Wisdom and Love."

Twice her size is a man named Reason. He is grinning from ear to ear as he looks askance at her.

Next is a big, handsome fellow called Science. He too has heard the little woman's words, but all he will deign to say is "Bah!"

But over here is a smiling, beguiling chap, a very giant of a man. He has nice eyes and pointed ears. His name is Evil. He pays no attention to Faith. Why should he? He is the Commander-in-Chief of the Victorious Army of 1940, which marches in endless, triumphant battle array under the banners of Cancer, Hatred, and War.

Over his shoulder the big giant points a derisive thumb at five little figures trudging along a lonely road. He is saying: "Ha! Ha! Ha! On my word! Look at them: 'The Pure in Heart,' 'The Merciful,' 'The Meek,' 'The Righteous,' 'The Peacemakers'!!!"

V. Why? Why? Why?

There are faces looking in at my windows. Hundreds, thousands, millions of faces. They are mostly ugly, sad, and distorted. I do not like them. I do not want to see them. They offend all my senses.

I will pull down the window shades. I will draw the heavy draperies, hoping they will go away. No one has a right to look in at my windows!

But my efforts are useless. Before I can poke the fire in the grate, before I can arrange the pillows on the divan and find my place in the book I was reading, the same people are beside me. They are tugging at my sleeve, their eyes hunting out my eyes. I cannot be rid of them!

I might go for a ride. I might take a walk. I might play loudly on the piano. But it will be of no use.

For deep in my heart I know there is no place so dark, so remote, so noisy, so guarded, but these people will find me, for they are my people.

I am afraid, afraid of everything. I begin to be afraid of myself. What is the matter with me? What is this thing which has me in its clutch, this thing from which I am unable to flee?

Formerly, when I was troubled, I knew a sure refuge, a sweet solace. I could always hide behind something: "The Shadow of a mighty rock," "The everlasting arms," "Under His wing," "A fountain," "The Cross," "My Redeemer."

Now I can no longer sing praises to the Creator for the glory of the morning, for the sweet caress of the sun, for the winds of Heaven on my face, for my own joy in living.

For there is no joy in living with these Starving, these Betrayed, these Despairing, forever looking in at my windows, waiting to jump out at me from every blade of grass, from every autumn leaf, making of joy and praises and glorification nothing but mockery!

If I try to sing a hymn, the words catch in my throat and my eyes fill with tears.

Where can I go? What can I do?

And again I hear: "You know what to do. Say what is in your heart."

So then I speak.

VI. Five Stories

Then I struggle day and night to pull myself out of the bog of defeat and despair.

What good is a will in a soul like mine if the stage of all Creation is set for the reign of The Giant, Evil?

Haunted! Yes, that is the word. For how many years, for how many decades, have I been haunted? Haunted mercilessly by the problem of evil!!!

For faith—— How I have cried out for some sure thing to hold fast to! I wanted to trust, to believe, to have faith in something. I needed faith.

But faith was a mockery, derided by reason, scoffed at by experience. Faith was a hag, a witch designed by the knowing to befuddle the simple, to taunt and tantalize the honest. Faith was a wraith easily blotted out by the huge, overshadowing evil ever present in all walks, in all the highways, in all the byways in the world.

God? God seemed as much a God of evil as of good! How could I trust such a God unless I were willing to be blind and deaf and dumb, without feeling, without mercy, without love, without reason?

How could I believe that God is Love, that God is Good, all Goodness, that God is Wisdom, all Wisdom, all Power, when I look into the eyes of the starving, the ignorant, the foolish, the vicious, the depraved, the criminal, the diseased? With Cancer, Hatred, and War advancing throughout the world like a victorious army——! Bah! God was a scalawag!

Then I went down to the depths. I went down to the coal mines. I went into the slaughter houses. I slept in the vice dens. I ate in the tanneries and the prisons. I marched with the meanest units of every army in the world. I died of torture with those burned to death in the world's great airplanes. I screamed and moaned with those gutted and gassed and blown into atoms. I went mad with the insane. I slipped in the blood of my father and my brothers. I cursed my mother, my sister, and the girl I had loved.

I starved with the hungry. I slept with the outcast and despairing.

I walked with the suicide.

I fled from the woman I loved who was dying of cancer. Why should I not flee? I could not stand the smell of her. I could not endure the sight of what had been my joy, an angel of beauty. Could I take her in my arms and kiss away her misery? I could only pray that death would come, come quickly, and that the earth would take her back into its cool mercy and cleanse her.

For how many years, for how many decades, have I trod this path of darkness! Pushed in on myself, bludgeoned, alone, where could I go?

I wanted peace. I wanted to live and work and sing praise to the Creator in peace. Must one go to oblivion for peace?

But why the longing, why the hunger, why the desire for knowledge, for good? Why the search, the everlasting thirst for truth? Why in the name of high heaven should the soul hunger and thirst after beauty?

Is man trapped in a madhouse? Is this a universe without purpose, without design, without meaning? Has Creation no goal?

For years, for decades, have I wandered, seeking, ever searching, dissatisfied, never quite able to believe God such a Fool, such a Pauper, such a Scalawag, as the top-notch of civilization seemed to indicate.

But I do not believe there is no sense, no purpose, no meaningful Goodness at the heart of the Universe! I won't believe that!!!

So I write five little stories, five grand, terrible little stories. Yet even now I only half understand. But I hang on. I cannot give up. I believe I can understand.

Ah! There is a toe hold! Hang on. Hold on—with all your might!

I believe——

Ah! The light begins to break through, a faint, flickering glimmer. And then——

VII. Two Cartoons

Dear God! If I could only draw!

Perhaps I can. I will draw! I will draw what I see. God, help me! I am such a poor stick.

So I draw a plane. It is the Normal Plane of Life to which a human should now be able easily to attain. Against one edge of the plane rests a narrow plank around which is fastened a chain.

And God, dear God, the Creator of all, the Maker of everything in heaven and on earth, is holding fast to the chain, trying to keep the plank in place, in contact with the normal.

Why? A man is trying to walk up the plank to the plane called Normal. But the incline is too steep. He struggles and slips, though God holds fast and patiently.

But why is the plank so hopelessly tipped? What is weighting the other end of that plank? There is a great chain fastened securely to the lower end of the plank and it is relentlessly pulling it down, down, ever down.

What is that great weight to which the chain is fastened?

That? Oh, that is a great stone, a boulder almost as large as the world itself, and the boulder's other name is War.

Will the man walk toward God and help God tip the plank so that the man will be able to step *once* upon that plane of Normal life?

I think not. Everything is against him.

But why? Why can't that man make the grade? He is trying so hard, and God himself is helping him. What is the matter? Isn't everything possible with God?

Yes. Everything within the Law.

Law? What Law?

So here is another picture. It is a cartoon of the most vicious circle in all time. The circle forms the rim of the Good Earth. On the rim two big Rats are chasing each other so fast that you think the earth is overrun with rats. But do not be deceived. There are only two rats here. One is named Disease and the other one is War.

But listen! If you knock one off the circle, the other one vanishes automatically.

This is a basic discovery, the relation of health and disease to war.

"But war itself is a disease. War is total disease, a sickness of body, mind, and spirit."

"Yes. Exactly! Now you are progressing. Upon a correct diagnosis depends all chances of cure of this age-old disease."

VIII. Detour

Here is another picture. It is called Detour. At the left is a huge Storehouse, containing all the true foods of the universe. At the right is Destination in the shape of two men. One is sick and the other one well, healthy, normal.

Soon after the road leaves the Storehouse it divides. One prong of the fork leads into the Main Road. The other takes all traffic over a Detour. Over these two roads flow a never-ending stream of traffic, for over them must travel all of the world's vast supply of foodstuffs.

The big difference between the two roads is that one has a long detour through seven well populated towns.

The detour is tempting, interesting, attractive. Hilarity, high life, adventure, are all to be found there. But the detour is very dangerous. It is poorly marked, however. The usual signs of danger and caution have been removed by the ignorant, the careless, the perverse, and by those who gain advancement from the disasters of their fellows.

Nevertheless, those who take the detour do so at their own risk, and few if any who take that road reach their destination safely.

IX. The Law of Life

I am silent a long time. This is a new line of reasoning for me. I must think it over. I must puzzle out this new meaning.

Stripped of all pleasant sugar coatings, what is it that I am to understand about this civilization? If God is intelligent, if man is not basically evil, what is it that leads the nations into war? That is what I must understand and admit as truth before I can hope to wipe out the curse of war.

"Dear God, whatever I have said or done in the past, this is my one and only quest now. I am frightened. I want to know what is right. Dear God, I want to do what is right."

"Sane, healthy men do not fight? Only sick men fight?"

"Yes, I believe that. But what gives us this disease, this scourge of war? Why is civilization so sick?"

"Ask myself? You said that before."

Again I am silent a long time.

Again I look at my pictures: The Wheel, The Tree, The Pyramid, The Constant Drag, The Most Vicious Circle, The Detour through Seven Cities.

Something stifled, something almost snuffed out within me is coming to life! A clear, flame-blue light floods my mind! Strange that I could have been so stupid!

The Law! The Great Law of Life! The Basic Law!

The heavy burden which has been chafing me falls away. Creation is good, intelligent, governed by Law which must be kept.

X. I Will Sing

And now I am beginning to understand evil. Not blind faith, not any defeatist philosophy, not any trust in another's love and sacrifice for my perversity, but my own will to understand and act. This is the need. I have studied out the Law and I know that evil has no ultimate and positive part in the universe.

I have searched to the very heart of God. I have learned the plan of the intelligent Creation. I am happy. I can go on living now and working! Peace, a living, creative Power, has come into my soul.

How shall I tell of this Peace? How shall I publish these tidings?
I will weave a rich tapestry to witness His glory.
I will make a stained glass window to let in His light.
I will build a temple to house the treasures of my heart.
Its walls I will ornament with murals of love.
Into its niches will I build statues of thanksgiving.
I will paint a great mural to tell of the Law.
My life shall be a poem to sing of His mercy and wisdom, His bounty and power, and my joy shall be an oriole's song.

What Did Jesus Say about War?

KARL M. CHWOROWSKY

Twenty-five and more years ago, when the tragedy of the first World War shook our civilization to its very foundations, people in every warring nation of the West were asking this question, and then as today the answers moved between these two extremes: (1) There were millions who found it easy, if not too easy, to "render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's," even if in this instance they forgot "to render unto God the things that are God's." These good men rallied to the call of their respective rulers and governments with, in most cases, the full sanction and unqualified endorsement of their respective church leadership. We still recall with a sense of shame how in those days preachers presented arms, how the churches became arsenals of the war spirit and the ministers recruiting sergeants. Surely the record of "patriotism" made by the churches in the years 1914-1918 is not one at which today we "point with pride." (2) And there was that tiny minority, much smaller than it is today, which in the name of conscience and high religion utterly refused to bow its knees to Mars, which under no circumstances would have any truck with that hideous, immoral, and ungodly thing called war, and which, despite the persecution by governments and the anathema of churches, set its feet on the hard way of pacifism and held its eyes upon the vision of healing and peace. Between these two extremes many men and women fought their battles with conscience, with tradition, with convenience, and with all those forces that in days of war hysteria make it so difficult for ordinary folk like ourselves to find firm ground to see clearly, and to act with clear purpose and high devotion. These were the many who followed the light they had, who trusted, even though

they were to be deceived, who fought and died because they thought it right to do so. The "hoi polloi" they are called by many; "children of God" they are to me, for they did the best they knew how.

In every case, whether at the "extreme right" or at the "extreme left," or whether in between, whether pacifist, militarist, or just plain "John Citizen," authority for purpose and action was referred back to Jesus and to his gospel. Jesus was a pacifist to the pacifists, he was a patriot to the "hundred-percenters," and he was the final authority who said "Go" to those who, like Johnny Johnson of that famous play, simply went because the slogans "sounded good," because they wanted a part in the ending of all wars and in winning the war to make the world safe for democracy. Loud and passionate was the debate in those days as to what Jesus had said about war; each faction claiming for its own the Master-voice of Galilee; church vying with state, and pacifist competing with patriot in making this word of Jesus, or that, fit into the Procrustes-bed of his particular philosophy and theology.

The debate is raging again, and again the disputants are loud and vociferous. Again we hear churches and hierarchies declaring that "God wills it." Again we hear or read priests and preachers and theologians quoting texts and making great argument for or against pacifism, for or against war as a legitimate instrument in settling international disputes, and again we have authorities of all sorts proclaiming with sincerity and obvious conviction the most contradictory points of view, and in every instance staking their argument upon some word of Jesus. They are all saying today, as they said a quarter century ago: "This is what Jesus said about war; do this, and be content." But just what *did* he say?

Far be it from me to *essay* anything like a final or dogmatic answer to this question. I shall be satisfied to point out a few facts that it seems to me must enter into any honest attempt to find an answer to this important question, and if my modest efforts serve in any way to shed even a ray of light upon the confusion now shrouding this inquiry, I shall be more than rewarded. Certainly, I shall not try to prove that Jesus was a pacifist, a sort of first century combination of Mohandas Gandhi, Aldous Huxley, and George Lansbury, or that he preached a philosophy of absolute non-violence, of unqualified non-resistance to evil, or that he anticipated Gandhi's "Ahimsa" and "Satyagraha," or that he declared war to be at all times and under all circumstances wrong and incompatible with devotion to his spirit of love and righteousness. And most certainly I shall not try to prove that Jesus ever urged anyone, whether nation or individual, to go to war; nothing seems more inconceivable to me than Jesus in uniform, throwing a hand grenade, releasing a load of air bombs, or commanding a submarine. I am concerned with the simple task of bringing to bear upon our question the following facts,—at least I consider them to be facts—and to deduce from this array of facts a few simple rules of conduct for Christian men and women. And I shall use for my purpose the record of Jesus' life and words as we have them in the gospels.

Let us first establish the easily demonstrable fact that Jesus at no time made direct reference to war. A careful reading of the gospels will disclose that Jesus hardly ever used the word war and when he did mention the word, he did so without any implications whatsoever as to either disapproval or approval of any war in particular or of war in general. And this is an interesting circumstance when we remember that Jesus was living in a war economy and in a war atmosphere. If anything was taken for granted unquestioningly and unhesitatingly in Jesus' day, it was the war system. Although the Roman Empire, which about forty years before Jesus' birth had captured Palestine, was enjoying a period of comparative peace in Jesus' day, the legions of Rome were everywhere on watch, and the squat fortress of Antonia in Jerusalem continually reminded Jesus and his fellow-Jews of the grim fate that awaited those who might dare to challenge the power of Rome. And let us not forget that Jesus was the son of a people whose traditions, despite the magnificent peace visions of Jeremiah, Isaiah, and Micah, knew little if anything about pacifism; the Jews of that day were still warlike and martial; they clung with fierce passion to their religion and their national ideals, and with every breath of their spirit they built into fantastic apocalyptic hopes their faith in the ultimate reëstablishment of the kingdom of Judah. The memories of the gallant Maccabees were still alive; during the lifetime of Jesus, bands of Zealots and other super-patriots were active, uprisings and rebellions were always threatening, and less than a hundred years after the death of the Nazarene the Jewish nation was to be crushed in that magnificently heroic but futile uprising of Bar Kochba.

It seems strange, to say the least, that in such an atmosphere Jesus should have had nothing to say about war, nothing direct, nothing pointed, nothing definite. He spoke about many other things: about the temptation of riches, about marriage and divorce, about paying taxes to a tyrannical ruler, about the relation of church and state. However, about war—always remembered, always threatening, always smoldering—he said not a word. We are told that when a group of soldiers came to John the Baptist with the question, "What must we do?" his answer was not "Give up the sword, for it is the instrument and symbol of murder and hatred"; no, his only answer was, "Extort from no man by violence, neither accuse anyone wrongfully; and be content with your wages." Jesus had at least one great opportunity to voice his opinion regarding the military profession and the business of war, but on that occasion he refused to say even as much as John the Baptist said to the soldiers. I refer to the meeting between Jesus and the Centurion who asked that his servant be healed. Instead of referring in even the most general terms to this man's brutal business of killing and destroying, Jesus kept silent at a time when he might, once for all, have set our minds at peace as regards a most important issue of our life; we remember this famous incident not for any comment Jesus made upon war or upon the profession of legalized killing, but because in this story the Master is quoted as having spoken his most flattering words of commendation, viz., "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." And these words were spoken about a *soldier*, who, for all we know, went on soldiering in the service of Rome.

Upon careful reading of those passages from the gospels that are usually adduced as "proof texts" for the alleged pacifism or anti-violence attitude of Jesus, we will discover that they are as unreliable and unsound as "proof texts" commonly are. These words of Jesus

were spoken at times and under circumstances which make it very risky business indeed to attempt to interpret them in favor of a clearly enunciated policy of non-violence, of passive resistance, or of absolute pacifism. Among the most popular passages thus quoted are these from the Sermon on the Mount: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called sons of God"; "Resist not him that is evil, but whosoever smiteth thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also"; "Love your enemies"; and the famous passage from *Matthew* 26:52, viz., "All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." One need not agree with the interesting conclusions arrived at by Professor Claude C. Douglas in his fascinating book, *Overstatement in the New Testament,* in order to recognize that the sayings quoted above were not intended as literal rules, as legalistic regulations or as binding obligations for individuals and nations in a world that had not even *begun* to learn how to substitute the law of Love for the law of the jungle. Whatever may have been in the mind of Jesus as regards the ultimate meaning of these words, we can take them only as very vague and very general statements regarding certain ethical and spiritual principles towards which men and women must move if they are to be true to their hope for the coming of the Kingdom of God.

Without entering upon the moot question as to the so-called "interim ethic" of the Sermon on the Mount, this does seem clear, that even the immediate followers of Jesus did not take these quoted passages as literal requirements; this much appears from certain letters of Paul (think of his words regarding obedience to "the powers" in *Romans* 13, *et cetera*) and from the complete silence as to pacifism, non-violence, and non-resistance to evil, observed in the later New Testament literature.

To say that these sayings of the Master must be interpreted in "the spirit" of his whole life and message only raises another difficult question, viz., what is this "spirit," and who shall be the ultimate authority in interpreting the message of Jesus? I would hesitate long before asserting with any dogmatic assurance that I know just exactly to what extent the "spirit and message" of Jesus carry the ethic and philosophy of "Ahimsa" and of "Satyagraha." Nor can we say that Jesus' martyrdom proves him a pacifist or a non-resister. From martyrdom to pacifism is a long road. Jesus was a martyr; I refuse to believe that he was a pacifist within the modern meaning of that term, and to try to read a philosophy of non-violence into the Sermon on the Mount seems to me just as futile as the attempt to read pacifism into the commandment "Thou shalt not kill" or into the injunction "Love thy neighbor as thyself." That these words may contain the implications of our fondest dreams for universal peace and righteousness is a legitimate hope, but to make of them explicit and definitive statements of principle and policy uttered by prophets and saints of long ago for the precise guidance of individuals and groups seems to me a procedure not only very questionable, but extremely reckless, if not dishonest.

It is most interesting to observe that while only a very few passages occur in the gospels that give aid and comfort to those who are convinced that Jesus was a pacifist and that his message was one of forthright opposition to the use of physical violence, especially war, there are actually many more passages that seem to say directly as well as by implication the very opposite. These passages—words of Jesus—would seem to state very clearly that the Master was not at all sure of the ultimate victory of merciful and forgiving love, that he did not believe that *"amor omnia vincit,"* and that he very definitely taught that ultimately God would have to interfere, not with love, not with forgiveness, not with mercy, but with violence and force, stark violence, brutal and vindictive force, in order to establish his kingdom on earth. In this picture of the final consummation of all things as painted on various occasions by Jesus, the wrath of God will be provoked by the wickedness of men to interfere with terrible vengeance and with horrible retribution, with hell-fire and damnation; hardly a scene compatible with the idyllic "sweetness and light" we commonly associate with the person and message of Jesus.

I have little patience with those who would read a martial spirit and a warlike mood into those gospel passages that speak symbolically of the sword, that show Jesus as angry, and in a violent mood. I have even less patience with those who fail to read the patent meaning of those gospel stories, parables, and the like, that clearly show Jesus' attitude as regards the use of violence and force. That for all of his glowing preachment of love and forgiveness, Jesus could also maintain that the most cruel and destructive violence might have to be used even by the Almighty himself in order to achieve his end in a wicked world certainly appears very clearly from Jesus' utterances regarding the "last things" or concerning "the Day of the Lord," as the primitive Christians were wont to describe the consummation of things. This apocalyptic and vindictive mood of Jesus' sayings is often forgotten or lightly brushed aside and ignored as "unsuited" to or "incompatible" with some pet theological theory or idealistic hobby, and to most of our pacifist friends the bare suggestion that Jesus' *"Weltanschauung"* left room somewhere for actual use of the sword and for stark retribution against mortal men is enough to cause the teeth to chatter. And yet, to read some of these passages is to read prophecies of doom and promises of retribution that revolt the imagination as much as the most dramatic sermons of a Billy Sunday, or the hair-raising predictions of a Pastor Russell or of Judge Rutherford.

Let me only mention the parables of the Last Judgment, of the Wicked Servant, of the Wicked Husbandmen, of the Tares and the Wheat, of Dives and Lazarus, of the Net of Fishes, *et cetera*. How anyone can read these parables and still believe that Jesus had abjured the idea of violence and force, that he believed that only Love could conquer and that only Love could win, is a mystery to me. That Jesus was a peace-lover I firmly believe, that he was a martyr I know; but that he was committed to any of the so-called "pacifist" doctrines of our day I refuse to believe. In fact, it is my honest conviction that to use isolated sayings and disconnected words of his in this manner constitutes a reprehensible and sacrilegious abuse of his authority and message.

All this fits well into the general *"Weltanschauung"* of Jesus, I believe, as we have it in the gospels. Indeed, the Master nowhere preaches a "jehad," not even for the deliverance of his own people, and those who would

claim his authority for every "Holy War" of defense or otherwise, would do well to look again and more closely at the features of the leader they have chosen; on the other hand, it seems very clear to me that all that Jesus ever said, in the indirect and highly poetical manner indicated, upon the subject of war and the use of violence leaves no doubt as to his general attitude regarding the ultimate achievement of peace and justice on earth. The Kingdom of God, if I understand the Master's words at all, would not come solely through the work of suffering and redeeming Love, but somewhere and at some time (very soon, in Jesus' own opinion) through a sudden and dramatic act of God, an act such as finds its most characteristic literary expression in the lurid pages of the Revelation of St. John the Divine. If this was the eschatological view of the early church, and there is much authority for this point of view, it can only mean that the pacifism of Jesus, if the primitive church was ever conscious of it, had made little impression upon the new religious community, or that this view of non-violence, of non-resistance to evil, had never been formulated by the Master and certainly had not been taken seriously by his followers.

It is often maintained, and erroneously I believe, that the early church was pacifistic, that it was by principle and conviction opposed to any use of force; that this attitude reflected the views of the Master, and that commitment of the early church to complete abstention from the use of force accounts for the refusal of early Christians to bear arms in the service of Caesar. Again, I believe that two points of view are here being confused, viz., that of the martyr and that of the pacifist. That many primitive and later Christians refused to bear arms in the service of a pagan state is certain, as is the further fact that they died as martyrs for their conviction. That this was not an attitude on their part based upon a conviction that to bear arms was in itself wicked and contrary to the gospel of Christ appears from the fact that the testimony to such pacifist views is very rare and that, on the other hand, much of canonical as well as non-canonical literature of that period bears eloquent witness to the fact that these good people, while refusing to fight—why should they, was not the Lord coming in the clouds of heaven to establish his kingdom soon?—were quite willing to let God and his angels do the fighting for them in a manner that leaves us few illusions as to the pacifistic and non-violent imagination of those courageous martyrs and saints.

Add to this the fact that when the church was recognized by the Roman state, when Caesar became the partner of God in the new "axis," a new militancy at once informed the theology and practice of the now-powerful church. It seems hardly unfair to say that if pacifism and the cult of non-violence, the faith in love as the ultimate power to conquer sin and unrighteousness, had ever been fundamental in the Christian doctrine of that period, such teaching never had more than a very weak hold upon the Christian conscience and surely had never won more than a very small minority to its practice since almost every vestige of such thought and action disappeared as the church went imperialistic and entered upon the more lucrative career of power politics.

What conclusions may we legitimately derive from such observations? What comfort shall we find for our disturbed spirits when in seeking an answer to our original question we very likely have only succeeded in raising more and more perplexing questions? I have no final assurance nor any easy suggestion to offer; but this I will say with all the conviction and earnestness of my soul: Jesus never offered to his disciples an easy way; he never spoke of comfort and ease to those who chose to follow him. He did, however, mention the straight way and the narrow gate, he did speak of taking the cross, of losing one's life, he did refer to suffering and even to death.

Nor did he ever indicate that he had a ready-made solution for all the problems of life, a solution that might be taken in the form of convenient dogma or doctrine "three times a day after meals"; but he did speak of the Father working, adding "and I work." What he said about the good life, about the temptation of riches, about obedience to temporal powers, about the relation of church and state, *et cetera,* all these words, so I believe, were meant rather as general sign-posts and directives, not as specific rules and final regulations. They were meant to challenge our thinking, to stimulate our creative imagination, to fortify our spiritual aspirations, not to furnish blueprints for those who need but to lay bricks according to rule and to drive nails according to habit. If the moral exhortations of the Master were not spoken in this general sense, then why are we—church leaders and laity—still agonizing over the "how" of applying the principles of Jesus in the ordinary affairs of life? If his words had been intended to be so clear as to allow for no misunderstanding, why the fuss and the worry over matters in which he spoke with ten times the clarity he ever employed when referring to war? Read any church conference report, and you will understand what I mean.

What did Jesus say about war? He said nothing that can be taken either as a clear statement or as a final word. Speaking as a son of Israel at a time when he and his followers were expecting "great things" to happen by supernatural interference of God and his angels in the affairs of this world, it is entirely unreasonable for us of the twentieth century to expect him to speak our language and to meet our particular problems. This much, however, I believe we do know: Jesus is today no partisan in the difficult situation facing Christian men and women. He is neither a jingo-patriot, nor is he a pacifist, and just where he would stand were he to appear among us today, is idle and foolish speculation; nobody knows, least of all those who are so sure that they at all times and under all circumstances know the mind of God.

Jesus has said enough to make every one of us search his soul in the present crisis; he counsels us through the words of his apostle to "work out our own salvation with fear and trembling"; and he urges us with every blessed word of his all-embracing love "to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace."

What did Jesus say about war? He said enough to let the pacifist and the honest soldier live and worship together as brothers, he said enough to make us humble in seeking for that light that each one of us needs to find his way, and he said enough to inspire every man and woman of good will and of stout heart to fight with every ounce of moral energy and with every fiber of spiritual conviction *against* hate that breeds war and *for* a world in which the most glorious visions of saint and seer, of prophet and sage may be progressively realized.

Germany from the Inside

[Direct from inside Germany and free from the hands of any censors, the *Nofrontier News Service* has received the following report from a confidant known to it as trustworthy.]

A dependable informant just arrived in the United States after a harrowing six-week trip via Siberia and the Pacific, reports that opposition to the war is growing fast in Germany. It is especially marked in Berlin, Bremen, Potsdam, Munich and Hamburg. In these towns open indifference and even open opposition to the regime are constantly in evidence. In Munich anyone who says "Heil Hitler!" when entering a shop or restaurant is laughed at. In Potsdam, home of the Prussian Junkers, the whole population is bitterly opposed to the war, although at the beginning they welcomed it as the only possible way of getting rid of the Hitler regime.

Despite this rising opposition, there is as yet no real underground organization. A few people risk their lives distributing literature here and there, but no powerful organization has yet been able to buck the efficient suppression of the Gestapo. There exists only a vague sort of comradeship among those believed to be "safe."

Our informant reports that there is a general feeling through Germany that only two men in the world can save the country: Hermann Rauschning and Marshal Goering. Goering, it is felt, has a keen feeling for surrounding himself with good administrators and loyal men of high character. He would create a very conservative government, but it is believed that it would be a good government. He is believed to take action against the Jews only under great pressure from his colleagues. For example, Jews are still permitted to read in the Prussian State Library, which is under Goering's jurisdiction, whereas they are forbidden to enter all the other German libraries, which come under Goebbels' aegis.

The food situation in Germany, as reported to *Nofrontier News Service* by this traveler, is not as bad as it was during the last war; there are shortages, but for the average person they are not serious. For Jews, however, the situation is tragic. They can buy only between 4 and 5 p. m., when stocks are already exhausted. They may purchase only rationed foodstuffs, and cannot obtain any of the little extras which supplement the rationed menu for Aryans. They are not allowed to obtain any coal or clothing at all, and must go through the entire winter in unheated houses, with what few ragged clothes they still have on their backs as their only protection against the cold. Telephones and radios are also forbidden to Jewish homes.

Anti-Jewish feeling among the people has, however, considerably decreased, according to this observer, and there are many instances of individual attempts to mitigate the severity of official decrees. Certain officials even make it a point to warn Jewish leaders when new anti-Semitic moves are in prospect.

The mass deportation of 8,000 to 10,000 Jews from Baden and the Palatinate to southern France appears to this observer as a forerunner of other similar attempts to rid Germany altogether of Jewish people by unloading them on other governments. He reports that an attempt was made in the spring of 1940 to deport all the Jews from the Stettin district, where a son-in-law of Julius Streicher was the Nazi party leader, but that the German army authorities at the Polish border turned the trains back. At that time, there was no official sanction for such a move; now, however, the fact that the Baden-Palatinate Jews had to cross an international frontier and were permitted to do so shows that the government itself is behind the movement rather than minor officials wreaking petty vengeance in their own districts.

The German people, it is reported, are completely without real news of the outside world. Towns outside Germany proper might as well not exist for all the news they hear about them. In particular, they are completely isolated from Poland and the Protectorate of Bohemia-Moravia. Most Germans make no attempt to obtain news any more. The few who do retain their interest and can get hold of both the British and the German war communiques place the truth about halfway between the two. It is reported that the actual damage caused by the RAF is less than the British press would have us believe, but also more than the conducted journalistic tours of Hamburg and other bombed centers have made it appear.

Our informant had reliable reports from Poland, confirming that conditions in the German-occupied area are very bad, especially for the Jews. He reported one tragic-comic instance of anti-Semitic oppression: in Lodz the Jews are no longer allowed to ride on street cars—but the Jewish community is forced to pay a tax to the street car company to make up the deficit incurred because of the reduced passenger load!

A Year of Decision

GROSVENOR DAWE

The Battle of the Ages is on—a battle that may be decided in 1941.

The battle lines pay no attention to ancient or recent frontiers nor to the memories or forgiveness of former disputes with other nations, near or far—England, Mexico, or Spain, for instance.

If there is one principle—above all others—in the Christian doctrine, it is that the individual has immeasurable value. To such an extent, therefore, as the present disturbed moment in human history is influenced by the appealing event of 1940 years ago, we are in an irrepressible conflict between those who believe in the spiritual dignity of man and those who do not.

The battle lines are clear. Ranged on one side are the simple folk who ask only to be allowed to go their self-respecting ways with self-conscious intention to do their little best in whatever place they fill; and on the other the comparatively few in authority—no need to name them all nor at all—throughout the world, who regard their fellowmen as here to be herded, driven, and controlled in order that those above may have their will performed. Of such, Adolf Hitler is only a type

or emblem of all who, in large ways and small, become drunk with power and who attack the doctrine—the dignity of man as possessor of unalienable rights, divinely imparted.

Hermann Rauschning, former intimate friend of Adolf Hitler—now for a little while an actual power in this world—quotes him in *The Voice of Destruction* as saying: "To the Christian doctrine of the infinite significance of the individual soul and of personal responsibility, I oppose with icy clarity the saving doctrine of the nothingness and insignificance of the individual human being."

As to what threatens us in North America, Rauschning reports Hitler as saying: "There will be no new Wilson arising to stir up America against us"; and also: "I guarantee, gentlemen, that at the right moment a new America will exist as our strongest supporter when we are ready to take the stride into overseas space." Of the peace to come when might is foreseen by him as triumphant over right, we find Hitler saying, on page 599 of *Mein Kampf:* "A peace, supported not by the palm branches of tearful, pacifist, professional female mourners, but founded by the victorious sword of a *people of overlords* which puts the world into the service of a higher culture."

If in 1941, or later, a Hitler peace should come—speaking for a moment of material things—our commerce of the seas will disappear; our exchange of products with others who in turn supply some of our necessities will only be permitted if it suits the will of the conquering overlords; our industries will be controlled by a remote power; and a free people will be enslaved because of too much ease.

We must understand that our men by millions, on the earth, in the air, and beneath the sea, supplied with boundless materiel, are as nothing in the battle unless expressive of the conviction of rightness in the hearts and minds of all mature men and women scattered over our mountains, cultivating our prairies, and within hearing of our ocean's foam.

Our strength in the fight does not consist of great buildings nor great possessions, and certainly not in great and self-satisfied boastings, but in great hearts devoted to the greatest cause on earth—respect for the individual rights of man, lowly or high, on his way from the manger to his own Gethsemane of self-forgetfulness.

The wrong thought must give way to the right or this world is chaos; the demand for personal safety and comfort must give way to an understanding that struggle means strength, and devotion to ideals lifts us infinitely above all lower creatures. The way we travel is equally honored in small things well done, as well as in great rebukes to selfishness.

Rudolph Hess is quoted in the German press as saying: "Almighty God, you gave us our Fuehrer."

Of himself Hitler has said to Hermann Rauschning: "Providence has ordained that I should be the greatest liberator of humanity. I am freeing men from the dirty and degrading self-mortification of a chimera called conscience and morality."

So, not only we who have dwelt in ease and perhaps forgotten our indebtedness to great self-sacrificing souls must be aroused, but also be lined up—if we "have eyes to see"—with every man, woman, and child of all kindreds and tongues in the Battle of the Ages—a battle of right against might, a battle of free minds against delusions of greatness. Let us never forget that those whose tongues we know not have hearts and hopes like our own.

So, as our Congress opens in 1941, let us not be compelled to listen to a mighty rushing wind of words denouncing Hitler, the deluded man, but rather let us heed the still, small voice of reason inviting us to join with all everywhere whose deeds and decisions unite them to us in valuing our own lives as spiritually dignified by the causes we live for and for which we are ready to die.

Hitler says: "To the Christian doctrine of the infinite significance of the individual soul and of personal responsibility, I oppose with icy clarity the saving doctrine of the nothingness and insignificance of the individual human being!" What say we? What is our answer to be in 1941 and for every year of life? Let every high-minded man search himself and speak out so that all may hear and gird themselves for the Battle of the Ages.

The Study Table

A Fighting Book

OUR PRODIGAL SON CULTURE. *By Hugh Stevenson Tigner. Chicago: Willett, Clark & Company.* 161 *pp.* $1.50.

I have nothing but the highest praise and enthusiasm for this volume. Before reading it, I read more than half a dozen reviews by others, and I do not share the apprehension of one reviewer that Mr. Tigner wants to return to the mediaeval ages. Insofar as they were Dark Ages we need not speculate any more about their return. They are here now. The integrating factor of mediaevalism is what Mr. Tigner is after to meet the challenge of Fascism's integrating power for evil. This integration is to be found in the Truth of the Jewish-Christian tradition. Yes, and it is the Church with all its defects and faults and shortcomings that carries the saving Truth without which men cannot live. Therefore, men must return to the Church.

If you want to wake up some mind that still thinks we can help by aiding our country to Hitlerize itself, give him this book for his birthday! Our society is a Prodigal, gone into the far country of futile and sinful living. With plenty possible under any sane and sensible system of distribution, we deliberately violate the laws of our own inherent being and hang on to ways as inadequate as the ox-cart for transportation.

One of the most fascinating features about the author's writing is his style. "The Bible, a reverently unread volume!" "Personal success, that great touchstone of our business religion!" "As helpless as the hoops and staves on a keg of ignited dynamite!" The pages simply abound in such luscious phrases.

See him take Stuart Chase for a ride about his Semantics! It is immense. Listen to him defining Fascism as "The Crowning Act of Defiance"; and warning that the seeking of profits first instead of God's

Kingdom means the going in the same vile direction for our much boasted culture.

I like his chapter on "The Superstition of Science." I feel that he has accurately analyzed what science can and cannot do. The final chapter is one of the best, promising much for the next volume that I hope will soon be on its way. For this book gives no blueprint for what to do. It simply diagnoses. I should like some therapy from the pen of this virile writer. The distinction between the responsibility of man and God in the matter of bringing the harvest of evil to be suffered by man will help many who may be tempted toward becoming some sort of a totalitarian on the pretext of preventing the spread of totalitarianism. God is totalitarian, yes. But no man or church may be, for the simple reason that no man or church can be infallible, as God is. Therefore man may not administer punishment, for he is not God who alone plans the universe so that Prodigals from His Way of Life themselves bring on their own suffering.

After reading every page I quite agree with the verdict of the publishers: "This is a fighting book."

GEORGE MAYCHIN STOCKDALE.

Racism

RACE: SCIENCE AND POLITICS. *By Ruth Benedict. New York: Modern Age.* $2.50.

Racism is a creation of our time. Men in the past have gone to war against the heathen, the barbarians, the heretics, but never until this day against our enemy cephalic index 82.

For hundreds of years, until four hundred years ago, the colored races—Egyptians, Arabs, Chinese—were the powerful and cultured peoples of the world. The Jews were white and highly cultured, but they were scattered and of no political importance. The other white people were merely small unimportant tribes on the continent of Europe.

So, to the informed person, all this talk about white superiority sounds a bit silly. As a matter of fact, white men never thought they were superior until they acquired guns and battleships. Of course, white men are superior in military equipment. But there is no evidence that they are superior in morals or intellectual ability.

What we white people need is more knowledge on the whole subject of race. Too many of us merely repeat the prejudices which we have picked up from our environment. We are not mean and ugly people. We are well meaning and kindly. But Chinese and Negroes are not at all sure that we are kind and decent. Many of them think that brotherhood is just a fine word with no substance whatever. And many of the intelligent ones among them despise us for our hypocrisy.

Mrs. Benedict has done us all a service by writing this book. It gives us facts we need to know in a style that is entertaining. She has interesting chapters on "Race, What It Is Not," "What Is Heredity?" "A Natural History of Racism," *et cetera.*

One of the most valuable chapters is "Why Then Race Prejudice?" That is a burning question. For racism is one of the powers shaping our world.

Mrs. Benedict says:

> For a theory of racism, there are two conclusions to be drawn from the whole matter. The first is that, in order to understand race persecution, we do not need to investigate race; we need to investigate persecution. Persecution was an old, old story before racism was thought of. Social change is inevitable, and it is always fought by those whose ties are with the old order. Those ties may be economic or they may be religious.

She says that another reason for the existence of race prejudice today is the fact that in the United States so many different breeds live in such close contact. "Hence comes the paradox: that it is the most mongrel people of the world who raise the cry of racial purity. From the point of view of race this makes nonsense, but from the point of view of persecution it is inevitable."

In the third place she says:

> If civilized men expect to end prejudice, whether religious or racial, they will have to remedy major social abuses, in no way connected with religion or race. Whatever reduces conflict, curtails irresponsible power, and allows people to obtain a decent livelihood will reduce race conflict. Nothing less will accomplish the task.

The whole study of race conflict leads one to the conclusion that everything that is done in any nation to eliminate unemployment, to raise the standard of living for all, to ensure civil liberties, is a step toward the elimination of race conflict. Whatever is done to fasten fear upon the people of the nation, to humiliate individuals, to abrogate civil liberties, to deny coveted opportunities to any group, breeds increased conflict.

Toward the end of the chapter she makes an observation that all parents and all teachers—in public or religious schools—should take to heart. If we are to make good use of our great powers of education, two goals should be kept clearly distinct: (1) It is desirable to teach in the regular social studies the facts of race and of the share of different races in our civilization. (2) It is necessary to hold up ideals of a functioning democracy. Theoretical democracy is by no means enough.

JAMES M. YARD.

History or Fiction

MR. SECRETARY. *By Ben Ames Williams, Jr. New York City: The Macmillan Company.* 504 *pp.* $2.50.

Mr. Williams gives us in *Mr. Secretary* a somewhat unusual literary form, i.e., fictionized autobiography. Just where fiction ends and history enters is difficult to judge, and your reviewer has to acknowledge that his knowledge of the history of the period, i.e., the war between the States, is inadequate to pass upon the detail of this book with anything even approaching dogmatism or to settle the apparent controversy as to where the two elements converge. The author proceeds upon the thesis that Edward A. Stanton, who speaks for himself as if he were writing his autobiography today, did all that was possible, as Secretary of War in Lincoln's cabinet, to prolong the Civil War so that the South might be crushed to earth and punished as severely as possible.

Mr. Williams also accepts and therefore presents through Stanton's confession the Secretary's guilt in being a party, if not in the actual murder, at least in the planning and execution of Mr. Lincoln's assassination.

It would seem to an unbiased reader that this book only makes the confusion surrounding this sore spot in American history worse confounded.

It is, moreover, an exceedingly unlovely picture which Secretary Stanton presents of his career. In this supposed autobiography, he presents himself as an extremely egotistic, arrogant, and neurotic individual, albeit with legal and administrative ability of no mean order, which might have been of great value to

his country had it not been marred by these character shortcomings.

Mr. Williams attempts to show that Mr. Stanton allowed Lincoln to be killed for the good of the Union. Whether Mr. Williams has lifted the veil which enshrouds this epoch and its incidents is doubtful. Whether much has been added by this book to either our store of information or our edification is a very moot question.

Your reviewer found the reading tedious and the whole leaving a sense of futility.

EMANUEL STERNHEIM.

Correspondence

Our Stand against War

Editor of UNITY:

Just a few lines to express warm appreciation and admiration of your unfaltering stand against war in these all-but-mad days. Your editorials in UNITY are indeed fortifying to your brethren.

(REV.) ELIOT WHITE.

Roselle, New Jersey.

A Parable of Pacifism

Editor of UNITY:

As I sat quietly listening to our President speak I was reminded of the story told me by Mrs. Annie Besant, when a group of us were sitting at her feet in an open grove in Wheaton, Illinois. I will give it as nearly verbatim as possible:

I have always loved horses; so one hot day when I observed a man beating his horse with a whip, my first impulse was to give vent to my indignation, and thus to give this man a good piece of my mind and tell him what a brute he was for mistreating a poor defenseless animal. On second thought I checked this impulse and asked myself: What is my goal? Is it to satisfy my own feelings, or do I want the man to stop beating his horse? I proceeded as follows: I walked up to the wagon and spoke to the man about how very trying this hot day must have been for him. He proceeded immediately to pour out his troubles to me, meanwhile putting the whip back into its place. I kept stroking the horse tenderly, while talking. Thus both the man and the horse relaxed, and as they rode off on their way, I rejoiced in this triumph.

When Dorothy Detzer spoke to a group here, a few years ago, she related her first-hand observance of Germany after the World War—the starving children, the hopelessness of the people, the lack of sympathy and compassion from the world at large. Nobody cared! Then Hitler arose filled with revenge —and the more he is hated and despised, the more furiously he beats his horse.

UNITY is my guide in world events. Blessings on you.

HENRIETTA POSNER.

Rochester, New York.

"More Than My Money's Worth"

Editor of UNITY:

I am a little behind in my reading, but the first periodical I reached for was the latest issue of UNITY. . . . I get more than my money's worth from UNITY.

J. B. HOLLIS TEGARDEN.

Hopedale, Massachusetts.

Basic Wisdom in UNITY

Editor of UNITY:

Perhaps it was only the receptive condition of my mind, but I was much impressed with the two articles in the January 6th issue of UNITY, one by A. Powell Davies, and the other by Royal Wilbur France.

These two articles are basic wisdom, or what we might call wisdom "of the first water." I am very glad to know that there are at least a few men in educational positions who realize the fundamentals of the purpose of human life on earth.

My own approach is quite different, as my education is in the "University of Hard Knocks" as Elbert Hubbard used to say, but I arrived at the same point as Davies and France. There is, I believe, a nucleus, it may be a small one, whose ideals will perhaps prevail in due course. Too many in high places are letting our complicated civilization carry them off their feet.

MADISON COOPER.

Calcium, New York.

Tribute

Editor of UNITY:

The "Tribute to Great Britain" by Curtis W. Reese, in issue of December 16, is heartwarming and mind-convincing. It should have wide circulation.

WILLIAM SAFFORD JONES.

Portsmouth, N. H.

George VI As a Christian Ruler

Editor of UNITY:

The only one of the great rulers of the world who went about doing good, trying to bring comfort to those in distress and injured, was George VI of England. I doubt if he visited those in prison but he did try to feed the hungry and clothe the naked.

O. C. S.

Coral Gables, Florida.

The Pacifist View So Needed

Editor of UNITY:

* * * I have on hand a number of copies of UNITY since I last sent any to you. Can you distribute them where you think they will do the most good?

The pacifist view is so needed just now, it seems to me, and there is so much good material in UNITY I think it should be broadcast as much as possible.

M. S.

Cumberland, Ohio.

Our Old Friend, Methuselah

Editor of UNITY:

I see that William Floyd has overflowed into UNITY, and trotted out poor old Methuselah again. It has been the habit of ministers to try to discredit Methuselah because his age was about the only thing that got onto the record. The fact that a man lives to be old is evidence that he has lived in harmony with nature's laws. In some respects, at least, he has been a wise man.

That 969 seems to trouble Editor Floyd. To some of us who have heard considerable about superstition and error even before reading the *Arbitrator,* 969 means that Methuselah lived to be an old man, probably older than his neighbors.

I am a friend of Methuselah's and I'm going to do my best to defend him, even though all the ministers and superstition-busting editors go on maligning him and disturbing his peace.

I think we can assume that Methuselah was a cheerful, industrious man who kept the 11th commandment, which is, according to George Cless, "Mind Your Own Business." We do not read that he had any trouble with his neighbors.

He was a patient man. He did not get married at 19 and bring his wife home for his family to support. He waited until he was old enough to have some judgment about rearing a family. He was 187 years old when Lamech was born. There were probably some errors and superstitions in religion in his day. If he had worried and fussed about them as some of our editors do, he probably would not have lived long enough to be the father of his eldest son. He would have died young without having made a dent in a single superstition.

The Fundamentalists probably do not read the *Arbitrator* or UNITY very extensively, so superstition and error will keep living along in their midst for a while longer; and if Editor Floyd can persuade the Liberals to give up *all* their superstitions that will be glory for him, enough glory for one man.

J. Q. REYNOLDS.

Glens Falls, New York.